PLAYS AND STORIES

STAGE ONE

PLEASANT BOOKS IN
EASY ENGLISH
STAGE I

PLAYS AND STORIES

by

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Illustrated by

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First published 1958
Third impression 1960
First Hong Kong impression 1961

PRINTED IN HONG KONG
BY YU LUEN OFFSET PRINTING FACTORY

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FOREWORD

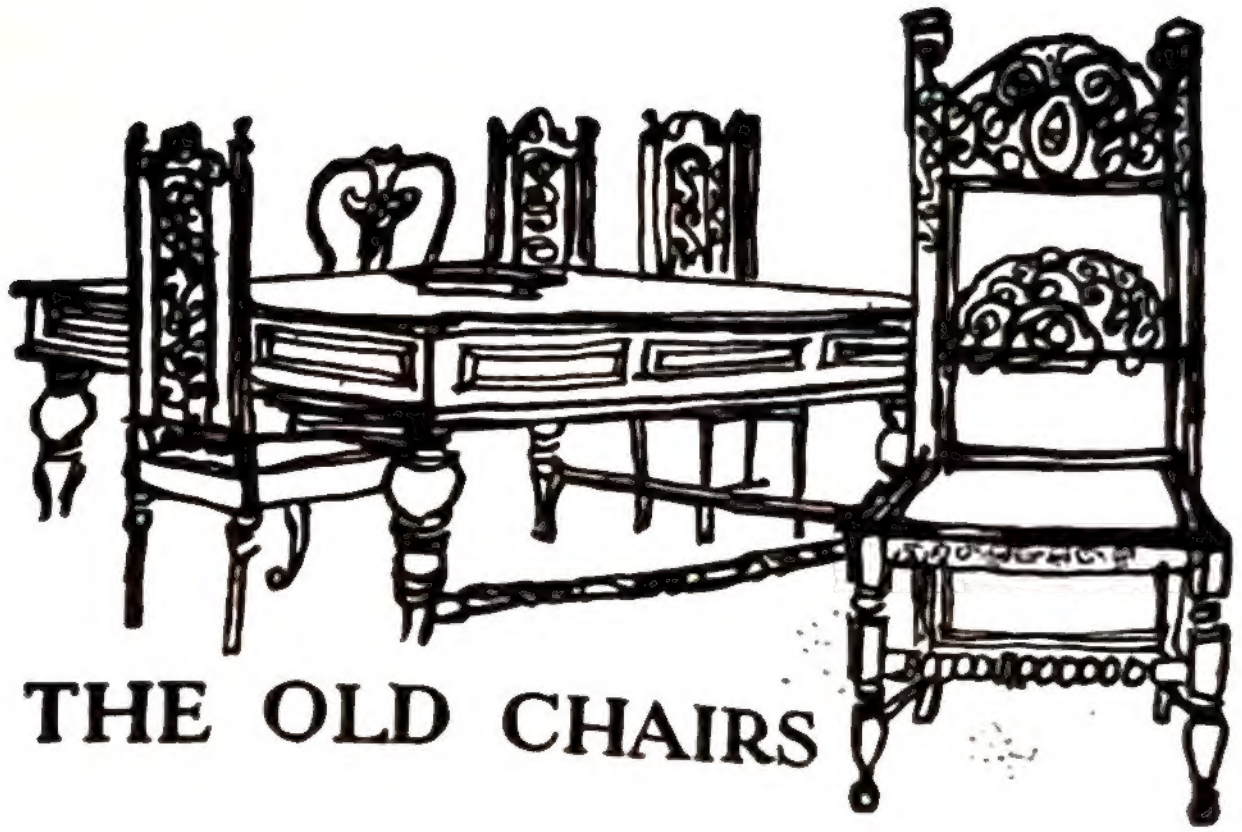
THE books of this series are intended for those who have left the age of fairy tales behind them, but require some reading material in easy English.

The vocabulary of Stage 1 is limited to about 480 of the commonest words in English. The tenses used in the Active Voice exclude the Past Perfect and the Future Perfect; the more complicated continuous tenses; and all the more difficult constructions expressing uncertainty. In the Passive Voice, the tenses are, for the most part, limited to the Present and the Past.

The subordinate clauses introduced into the text include only simple relative and adverbial clauses. Noun clauses, if used at all, are very rare.

A PLAY

Act: Part of a play.
Scene: Part of an act. The things which we see when we look at the play.



THE OLD CHAIRS

MR. TOM MERCER.
OLIVE MERCER, his wife.
MR. ALEC FORD
MR. BERNARD NEWTON } buyers.

A room in the MERCERS' *house.*

TOM *and* OLIVE MERCER *are sitting in two big chairs by the fire. At one end of the room, near the window, there is a big table. There are six chairs near it.*

TOM: We've sold everything now except the six chairs and the table

OLIVE: Yes. Why doesn't anyone want to buy them? Are we asking too much for them, Tom? They're very old.

TOM: We're not asking much. Seven pounds

isn't much for six chairs and a table: five for the chairs and two for the table.

OLIVE: Seven isn't much if they're new. But these are very old. We must sell them to the next man that comes, Tom. We're going soon.

TOM: Oh, we have two more days before we go. Here's someone.

(*They look through the window. A man is coming to the house.* MRS. MERCER *goes out and comes back with* FORD.)

OLIVE: This is Mr. Ford.

FORD: Good morning, Mr. Mercer. You have some things to sell, I think.

TOM: Yes. Those six chairs and the big table. We've sold everything else.

FORD: Why do you want to sell them?

TOM: We're leaving the country in two or three days. We're going to America. So we're selling everything.

FORD (*looking at the chairs*): They're very old. How much do you want for them?

TOM: Five pounds for the six.

FORD: Five pounds? No, my dear sir. I'll give you two pounds for the chairs. You must sell them if you're going away. Two pounds! Look here. (*Showing the chair.*) This chair's broken at the side. I can't give you more than two pounds.

TOM (*looking at his wife*): Give me four.

FORD: No, no. How much do you want for the table?

TOM: Two pounds.

FORD: I'll give you one for the table, and two for the six chairs. That's three pounds. What do you say?

TOM: I say no.

FORD: Good morning, Mr. Mercer. I can't pay more. I'm sorry. (*He walks to the door and goes out.* OLIVE *goes with him and then comes back.*)

OLIVE: Why didn't you take three pounds, Tom? We can't leave the things in the house when we go. What are we going to do with them? Oh, why didn't you take his money when you could? (*They hear the sound of a car outside.*)

TOM: Here's someone else.

OLIVE: If he wants to buy the chairs and the table, sell them to him. We don't want them. (*She goes out and comes back with a fat man.*)

OLIVE: This is Mr. Newton, Tom.

NEWTON: Good morning, good morning. You're Mr. Mercer, I believe. Yes. You have some things that you want to sell, I'm told. I heard

about them in the town. Yes, yes. Where are they?

TOM: Those six chairs and the table. We've sold all the other things.

NEWTON: And why are you selling everything, Mr. Mercer? Going away?

TOM: Yes. We're going to America.

NEWTON: I see, I see. Yes. (*He looks at the chairs and the table for a long time.*) I live in London, Mr. Mercer. Sometimes I hear about things that are going to be sold, and I come to see them. I was at a house not far away to-day, but the things there were no good. No good at all. I only buy good things, Mr. Mercer. These are very old chairs, aren't they? And the table too: very old. Yes. Where did you get them?

OLIVE: My father had them, and his father before him.

NEWTON: I see, I see. Yes. Er—how much do you want for them?

OLIVE (*looking at* TOM): Shall we say four?

NEWTON: Four? That's a lot of money, Mrs. Mercer. Four! Four! (*He turns one of the chairs over and looks at the bottom.*) About three hundred years old, I believe. Yes. But four! No, no. I can only give you three hundred pounds for the chairs, Mrs. Mercer. Not more than three hundred. Will you take three hundred? And one hundred for the table. That's four.

(TOM *is unable to speak. He sits down on one of the chairs and looks at his wife and* NEWTON.)

OLIVE: Four hundred? That's not very much, is it? One man has just been here, and others may come. But if you pay the money at once, Mr. Newton, I think . . . (*She looks at* TOM.)

TOM: Yes, we have to sell them because we're going away. So if you pay at once, Mr. Newton, you can have the chairs and the table.

NEWTON: Good! I can do that. I always carry money about with me when I'm looking for old things. Here's four hundred. (*He gives* TOM

some notes.) I'll send a man to take them away this afternoon. Thank you very much. I can sell these things in London for a lot of money. Very old and very nice! Some people love to have old things like these in their houses. Yes, yes. Good morning and thank you.

(*He goes out.*)

A GOOD DINNER

MR. ERIC COSTER
MR. HENRY UPTON, one of Coster's friends.
A WAITER.
AN OLD MAN.
A YOUNG MAN.
A FAT MAN.

One of the rooms in a big hotel. Five people are sitting at small tables.

At one of the tables UPTON *and* COSTER *are just finishing a good dinner.* AN OLD MAN *is eating his dinner at a table by the window.* A YOUNG MAN *is waiting for his dinner at another table.* A FAT MAN *is having his dinner alone at a table near the door.*

COSTER: Thank you very much, Upton. That was a very good dinner: one of the best dinners that I've ever had. This is a good hotel. I haven't been here before. I'm not as rich as you are.

UPTON: I don't come here very often myself, but

I always get a good dinner when I come. Waiter! Waiter!

(*The* WAITER *comes to the table.*)

You may take these things away. We've finished.

WAITER: Thank you, sir. (*He begins to take the things away.*)

A WAITER

COSTER: You're making a lot of money, aren't you, Upton? You're a rich man now. Anyone can see that.

UPTON (*with a pleased look on his face*): Yes, I have some money. I'm one of those people who make money all the time. Everything that I do brings me more money, and I can't give much of it away.

COSTER: Why not?

UPTON: Have you ever tried to give money away?

COSTER: I always give a little to the waiter.

UPTON: Oh, yes. You can give a little away. But try to give five pounds to a man whom you don't know. He will not take it. Even a friend will not take it.

COSTER: I never try to give away five pounds, because I'm not rich a man. But if you try to do that, you can.

UPTON: No. The right kind of people will never take it; and I don't want to give it to thieves and people like that. I'm talking about the good people that you meet every day. They

don't take money from others. (*He takes out two five-pound notes, and shows one to* COSTER.) Here you are. Take this. I'll give it to you.

COSTER: Oh, I can't take any money from you.

UPTON: What did I tell you? No one except thieves will take banknotes from other people.

COSTER: I don't want your money, but I'm one of your friends. Another man will take it.

UPTON: I don't believe you.

COSTER: How much have you got there?

UPTON: Two five-pound notes: that's ten pounds. I don't carry much with me.

COSTER: Every man in this room will take your ten pounds at once if you give it to him.

UPTON: No, Coster.

COSTER: Yes, Upton. Give me those two notes. I'll go to one of the other tables, and I'll come back without the notes.

UPTON: You can try if you like, but you'll bring them back to me.

COSTER: Give them to me. (UPTON *does so.*) You see that old man there by the window. I'll give them to him, and he'll take them.

UPTON: Go and try.

(COSTER *goes to the* OLD MAN'S *table.*)

COSTER: Sir, here are two five-pound notes. I don't want them. Will you kindly take them?

OLD MAN: Sit down, sir; sit down.

COSTER: Why?

OLD MAN: We can talk better if you sit down

with me. There's a chair. (COSTER *sits.*) Yes, that's better. Now what do you want me to do? I don't know you. How can I help you? I don't understand at all. I own all the taxis in this town, sir, but you don't want to buy them, do you?

COSTER: What are you talking about?

OLD MAN: You're trying to give me ten pounds, I think.

COSTER: That's right.

OLD MAN: And why are you doing that? This is the question which I ask myself when you show the notes to me. People don't give away money for nothing. So you want something from me. What is it? I am only an owner of taxis, but if you tell me quietly, I'll think about it.

COSTER: I don't want you to do anything for me at all.

OLD MAN: Oh, I see. You want nothing now

But later you'll come to see me and you'll ask me to do something. I want to know now, please, before I take the money. Tell me now.

COSTER: I'm trying to give you ten pounds for nothing.

OLD MAN (*laughing*): Very good! Very good! I understand you well. But I must know everything first, before I take the money.

COSTER (*standing up angrily*): If you don't want the money, I'll find someone else who'll take it. (*He walks to the* YOUNG MAN'S *table.*) Will you kindly take these two notes, young man? Ten pounds! I don't want the money.

YOUNG MAN (*looking up*): I don't know you, sir. Please go away.

COSTER: But don't you want ten pounds for nothing?

YOUNG MAN: Go away, sir; go away.

COSTER: I'm only trying to give you these two notes.

YOUNG MAN: Where did you get them? You stole them, didn't you? And now you're afraid and you want me to take them. No, thank you. Take them away and leave me alone.

COSTER (*going angrily to the* FAT MAN'S *table*): Here are two five-pound notes, sir. Please take them at once. I don't want them.

FAT MAN: Who are you?

COSTER: It doesn't matter.

FAT MAN: Why don't you want that money?

COSTER: I just want to give it to someone.

FAT MAN: I don't believe you, sir.

COSTER: Why not? Here are the notes. Look at them.

FAT MAN (*taking the notes and looking through them at the light*): Bad notes! I thought so! Where did you get them? Waiter! Waiter!

COSTER: Why are you calling the waiter?

FAT MAN: I'm going to ask him to bring a policeman. Bad notes! And in a hotel like this too! I've never heard anything like it.

COSTER: They're not bad. Who said anything about bad notes? They're good. Take them to a bank and ask anyone there.

FAT MAN: I'm not going to a bank, sir, and I don't want your notes. Go away.

(*The* WAITER *comes to the table.*)

WAITER: Yes, sir? You called.

FAT MAN: Please take this man away. I don't like him, and I want my dinner. And bring a policeman.

WAITER: A policeman, sir? In this hotel, sir? Oh, no, sir! I can't do that. What's the matter, sir?

COSTER: I'm only trying to give some money away. I'm not breaking the law.

WAITER: What money, sir?

COSTER: This money. Ten pounds. Will you take it?

WAITER (*taking the notes and looking at them*): Er—are these notes—er—bad, sir?

COSTER: Do they look bad? They're as good as the Bank of England.

WAITER: If they're good, sir, why do you want to give them away? You can buy a lot of things with ten pounds, sir.

COSTER: I know that, but I don't want these notes. Will you kindly let me give them to you?

WAITER: Er—thank you, sir. I have a wife and children, you see, sir. But ten pounds! No, sir, I don't think . . . (*He gives the money back to* COSTER.)

COSTER (*very angrily*): Take the notes. What's the matter with you, man? Don't you want ten pounds when you can get it for nothing? If you don't want it, give it to your wife.

WAITER: I don't want to get into any kind of trouble, you see, sir.

COSTER: What kind of trouble? Here's the money. Take it. (*He puts the notes into the* WAITER's *hands again.*)

WAITER: Er—thank you very much, sir. (*He looks at the money again.*) I have a wife and children, as I was saying, sir, and ten pounds will help us very much. My little boy, Tom, eats a lot, and my wife likes her food too. So if the money's good . . .

(COSTER *walks away from him and goes back to his own table.*)

COSTER: You saw it all, Upton. I haven't come back with ten pounds. I was right. I gave the money away, as I said.

UPTON: Yes, I didn't think of the waiter. (*He stands up.*) It's time to go. Oh!

COSTER: What's the matter?

UPTON: I haven't paid for the dinner.

COSTER: I'll call the waiter.

UPTON: But I haven't any money. You've given it all away.

COSTER: Haven't you any more?

UPTON: Not here.

COSTER: Who's going to pay for the dinner?

UPTON: You are.

HARRY COMES TO STAY

MR. ALAN COLLIER.
ROSE COLLIER, his wife.
MR. HARRY PENDER, Rose's brother.

ACT I

SCENE I

The sitting-room of the COLLIERS' *small house in Westbridge.* ROSE *is cleaning the things in the room with a cloth. She hears a sound at the front door, and stops her work.*

ROSE: Who can that be? (*She goes out of the room and comes back with* HARRY.) But I can't understand it, Harry. Why aren't you in Scotland? Please sit down. (*They sit.*)

HARRY: Oh, I've left Scotland. I like England better.

ROSE: Why?

HARRY: Oh, I'll tell you later about it. How are you, Rose?

ROSE: Very happy, thank you.

HARRY: You've got a nice little house here. I like this room very much.

ROSE: It *is* nice, isn't it? Yes, Alan and I like it. Alan bought the house last year just before we were married. Where are you going to live? Have you a house in England?

HARRY: No, I haven't.

ROSE: You must stay with us.

HARRY: Thank you, Rose. You're very kind. I'll be very glad to stay here, if it doesn't give you any trouble.

ROSE: No trouble at all. We have two bedrooms, and no one else is staying with us just now. Where are your bags?

HARRY: At the station. I left them there. Shall I go and get them?

ROSE: Yes. Alan will be home soon. He'll be very glad to see you. You can have the other bedroom. I'll show it to you now. Then you can go to the station and bring your bags.

HARRY: Thank you, Rose. You're a good sister.

ROSE: Have you got any work in England?

HARRY: No. I've only just come from Scotland. But I have a little money. I can get some work later. (*He stands up.*)

ROSE (*standing up*): Come with me and look at your bedroom. It's not very big!

(*They go out laughing.*)

SCENE 2

The same room after dinner on the same day. ALAN, ROSE *and* HARRY *are sitting by the fire.*

ALAN: Why did you leave Scotland, Harry? You were planting trees there, weren't you?

HARRY: Yes, I was. It's a long story. My work was in a forest, and I liked it. I love animals. And I liked the people there too.

ALAN: But you left your work. Why?

HARRY: It was the house.

ALAN: Which house?

HARRY: My house. It was far away from the towns, and near the forest. I didn't like it at all.

ROSE: But you could go and live in another house.

HARRY: No, I couldn't do that. When a man goes there to work in the forest, he has a house. The house is part of his pay, and he has to live in it. There isn't another house, except in the towns, and they're too far from the forest.

ALAN: What was the matter with the house? Was it too small?

HARRY: Oh, no. It was a big house. I lived there alone. One night I heard a cat when

I was in bed. I got up and went to look in the other rooms, but I didn't see anything.

ALAN: Had you a cat in the house?

HARRY: No. I didn't think of it again, but two nights later I heard a cat again. You know the noise that a cat makes. I heard it in the sitting-room more than once. I went there to look for the cat, but there was no cat. I felt very cold. I was afraid.

ALAN: Why? Any cat could run into your house at night.

HARRY: You don't understand. There were no cats there. There were no other houses near. All my doors and windows were shut. I heard the cat in the night. It wasn't in the

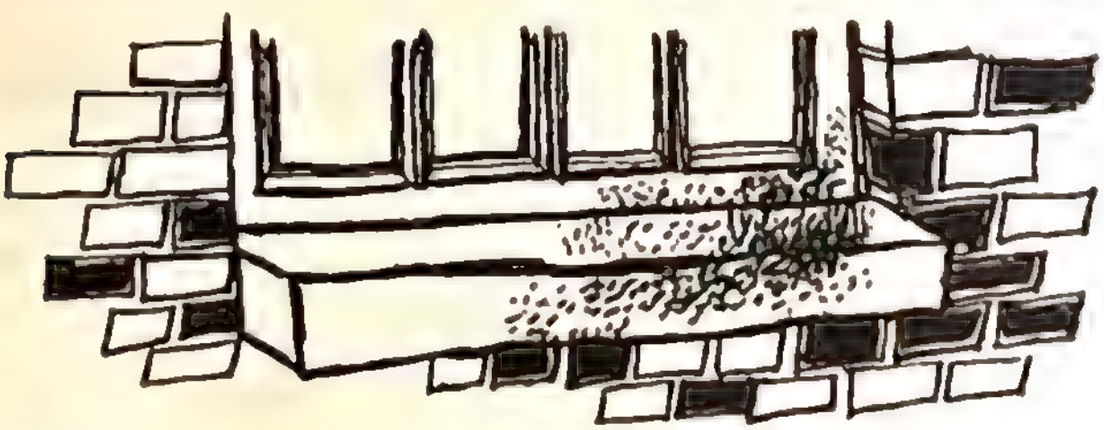
house when I went to bed, and there was no cat in the mornings. How did it get in and out of the house?

ROSE: You didn't hear a cat, Harry. You were asleep.

HARRY: It happened again. It happened about ten times every month. I always went to look, and I never saw anything. I lost a lot of sleep, and I was afraid. Then one day I had to go to Aberdeen, and I met a friend there. He said something that made me more afraid than before.

ROSE: What did he say?

HARRY: He told me a story about the man who worked there before I came. This man's name was Bolter. He lived in the same house, and he was always talking about cats. But when other people went to his house, they never heard any cats. Bolter began to look ill. He couldn't sleep or do his work well. Then one day he didn't come to the forest to do his work, and he never came any more. He was never seen again. His friends went to his house to look for him, and they saw the marks



of a cat's feet outside one of the windows of the house. You haven't got a cat, have you?

ALAN: No.

HARRY: Good! I'm glad to hear that. It's the one animal that I don't like. I couldn't sleep in that house, and so I had to leave. And here I am!

ACT II

SCENE I

The same, a month later. ALAN *and* ROSE *are sitting by the fire.* ALAN *has just come back from London.*

ALAN: It's quiet here after London. Where's Harry?

ROSE: He has gone for a walk. I'm glad.

ALAN: Are you a little tired of your dear brother, Rose? I am.

ROSE: He's not a bad brother, but when is he going to leave?

ALAN: I don't know. I've often asked myself that question. This house is his hotel. He may stay for ever.

ROSE: Can't you find some work for him in another town? Then he'll leave us.

ALAN: I went to buy a book in a bookshop in London this morning. They want a man there to help them in the shop. I'll tell Harry.

ROSE: That's right. Tell him, and then he'll go away to London. Here he is. Tell him now.

(HARRY *comes in.*)

HARRY: It's beginning to rain.

ALAN: Come in and sit down, Harry. I have something to tell you.

(HARRY *sits down.*)

HARRY: I got wet in the rain. What is it, Alan?

ALAN: I've found some work for you, Harry. You want some work, don't you? I was in a London shop this morning, and I had to wait a long time for my book. The shop-keeper was sorry to make me wait: he wants another man to help him in the shop. I told him about you, and he asked me to send you to the bookshop to-morrow. He'll give you some work.

HARRY: In a bookshop? What do I know about books? Nothing!

ALAN: Anyone can sell books in a shop. You give books to people and take their money. That's all.

HARRY: I don't want work in a bookshop. In London too! Oh, no. I know a lot about animals and trees and plants, but nothing about books. (*He stands up.*) I'll just go and change my clothes. I'm wet. (*He goes out of the room.*)

ROSE: What can we do now? He doesn't want to go to London. Can't you find him some work in the country, Alan?

ALAN: I'll go and ask Grant at Linden. He has a lot of fields and horses. He's a good friend. I'll tell him about Harry, and he'll help me.

ROSE: Linden isn't very far from here.

ALAN: Grant has some little houses near the fields. He'll let Harry live in one.

SCENE 2

The same, four days later. ALAN *and* ROSE *are by the fire.*

ALAN: Harry will be back soon now. Grant's a nice man and Harry will like him. Harry will take that work.

ROSE: Yes. Then he'll leave us, and go to live in one of Grant's houses. Then we'll be alone again. How glad I am!

ALAN: Quietly! Here he comes!

(HARRY *comes in and sits down.*)

ALAN: Oh, here you are, Harry! What happened? Did Grant give you some work?

HARRY: Yes, I like Grant, and I'll like the work too. I'll start to-morrow.

ROSE: Oh, I *am* glad, Harry.

ALAN: I'm very glad too, Harry. Do you like the house?

HARRY: Which house?

ALAN: The house which Grant has ready for you.

HARRY: Oh, that little place? No, no. I'm not going to live there. It's too small for me. It has only two rooms. No, it isn't the house for me.

ROSE (*afraid*): But what are you going to do if you don't live in it?

HARRY: Oh, there will be no trouble about that.

I can still live here with you. There's a train every morning from here to Linden, and a train can bring me back every night. So I can live here. You've got a very beautiful little house, and you're very kind to me here. So I don't want to leave.

ACT III

SCENE I

The same, a month later. ROSE *and* ALAN *are talking angrily.*

ROSE: If Harry stays here any more, I'll leave you. (*She begins to cry.*)

ALAN: He's your brother. Tell him to go away.

ROSE (*angrily*): You're the man of the house. Harry's a man. You must tell him to go.

ALAN: How can I do that? I can't send anyone out of our house. It's not right.

ROSE: You like Harry more than you like me.

ALAN: Like Harry! I don't like him at all. I've been tired of Harry for a long time, but he'll never go away. He's too happy here.

ROSE: Yes, he likes the house too much. We must make him unhappy. I'll give him bread for dinner; I'll burn his food. We'll go to a hotel for dinner every night, and we'll leave no dinner for Harry. We'll have no fire, and he'll be cold. What else can we do? If we break his bedroom window, he'll be cold in

bed. We can break the lamp in his bedroom, and then he can't see at night.

ALAN: We can't do things like that.

ROSE: Why not? We must do something. He must go. If he doesn't go, I will.

ALAN (*looking into the fire*): Have you ever thought about the cat?

ROSE: Which cat?

ALAN: He left his house in Scotland because of a cat. Can't we do something like that? If we make him afraid, he'll leave.

ROSE: Yes, Alan! That's right! What can we do?

ALAN: Let me think, now; let me think. He doesn't like noises in the house at night, and he doesn't like cats that he can't see.

ROSE: We must make the noise of a cat in the sitting-room at night.

ALAN: Yes. To-night I'll come down here and make noises like a cat. Then I'll go out of the back door and wait. He'll come down to look and he'll see nothing. Then he'll go back to bed, and I'll make some more noises. Have you any fish in the house?

ROSE: Fish? Why?

ALAN: Have you any?

ROSE: Yes.

ALAN: Good! You must give me the head of the fish. Then, when I come back to bed, after I have made the noises, I'll leave the head of the fish outside his bedroom door. Cats like fish. Harry will see the fish and . . .

ROSE (*laughing*): That's right, Alan. Harry will be back from work soon. Come with me and and I'll show you the fish.

(*They go out.*)

SCENE 2

The same, the next morning. ALAN *and* ROSE *walk into the room. Then* HARRY *comes in. He has the head of a fish in one hand.*

ALAN: Good morning, Harry. How did you sleep?

HARRY: Very badly. I'm leaving.

ROSE: Leaving? Why?

HARRY: Look at this! (*He shows the fish.*)

ALAN: Where did you get that?

HARRY: It was on the floor outside my bedroom

door. Cats have been in the house all night.

ALAN: Oh, no. We have no cats.

HARRY: I heard a cat in this room, and I came down to look for it. I couldn't see it. I went back to bed, and then I heard it again. I came down again, but there was no cat. It's just like that house in Scotland.

ROSE: There was no cat here, Harry.

HARRY: Look at this fish. Why was it near my door? We don't put fish near bedroom doors. A cat left it there. Near *my* door! I'm leaving this morning. I'm sorry, Rose. You've been very kind to me, but I can't stay here any longer. My bags are ready. I'll go to live in that house that Grant showed me. I'll just go and bring my bags down.

ROSE: Give me the fish. (*He gives it to her and goes out.*)

Oh, Alan, is it true? He's leaving!

ALAN: Yes, it's true. He doesn't like cats! But he may come back.

ROSE: He must never come back. Sell his bed, Alan.

ALAN: That's right. I'll sell the bed, and I'll put some old boxes in that bedroom. Then he can't come back again. What are we going to eat this morning?

ROSE (*laughing*): Fish.

ON THE TELEPHONE

SPEKE: Are you there? Are you there?
WATT: No, I'm here.
SPEKE: What's your name?
WATT: Watt.
SPEKE: What's your name?
WATT: Watt.
SPEKE: Can't you hear? What's your name?
WATT: Watt's my name.
SPEKE: Yes, what's your name?
WATT: My name's Watt.
SPEKE: I'm asking you.
WATT: I'm called Watt.
SPEKE: I don't know.
WATT: I am Mr. Tom Watt.
SPEKE: Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't understand.
WATT: Who are you?
SPEKE: Speke.
WATT: I *am* speaking. What's your name?
SPEKE: No, it isn't. My name's Speke. I want to speak to Day.

WATT: You can speak to-day. I can hear you.
SPEKE: I don't want you to hear me. I want to speak to Day.
WATT: At what time?
SPEKE: Now! I want to speak to Day. To Day! To DAY!
WATT: It's to-day now, Speke. Speak, Speke.
SPEKE: But I want to speak to Mr. Henry Day now.
WATT: Oh, I'm sorry. You can't speak to Day to-day. He doesn't want to speak to Speke to-day. He told me so.

I AM going to tell you a story about myself. It happened last year, and I have not told anyone about it before. I do not like to think about it much.

I sell things to shopkeepers in many parts of England. Sometimes I go in my car and sometimes by train. Many other men do the same and they are like me in all ways except one. Yes, except one. In one way I am not the same as other people.

I look like other men; I speak like others; I walk like others. But I do not hear like other people. My ears are not the same. They *look* the same, but they are not.

I can hear better than anyone else. There is something in my ears that makes me hear very well. This often helps me, but it is a great trouble to me at night because of the noises. If dogs

make noises in the street, I cannot sleep because I hear the dogs better than other people hear them. I can never sleep in a train on a long journey because of the great noise in my ears. My ears bring me other troubles too.

One day last year I was waiting for my train at a station, and I went to have something to eat. There were many little tables in the room, and there were a lot of people there. Everyone was eating or drinking something. I sat down at a table to wait for my food and I opened a newspaper.

At the next table two men were talking quietly: very quietly. One was fat and the other was a small man. They had good clothes and they looked like rich men.

No one else in the room could hear them because they spoke so quietly. But I could hear them. Oh yes. My ears are very, very good ears.

I kept my newspaper in front of my face but I did not read it. I was trying to hear the words which were spoken at the next table. And I heard them all except one.

"Yes," the fat man was saying, "that's the right place. It's in ——." This was the word which I did not hear. It was the name of a town, and it ended with "-bridge". I heard the end, but not the beginning of the name.

"Near the two roads," said the small man.

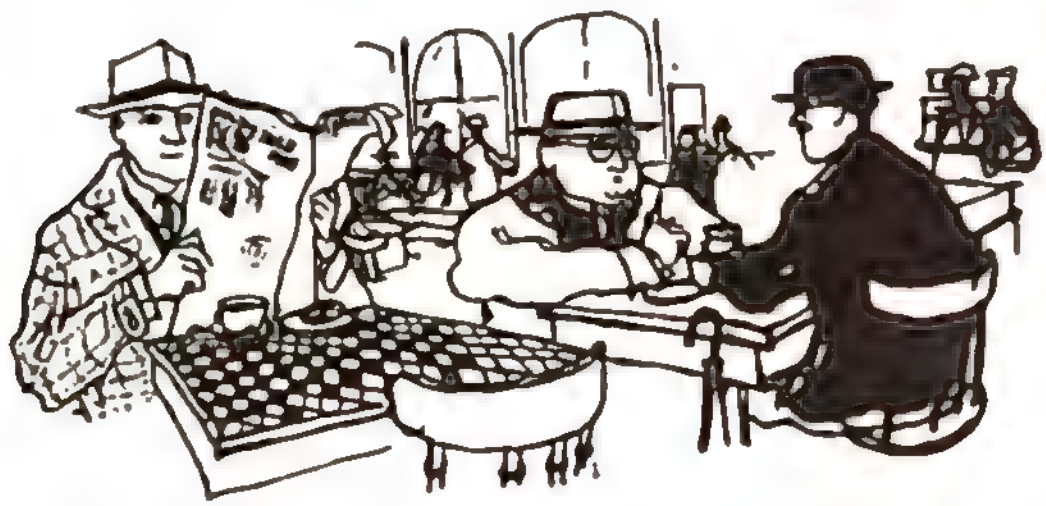
"Yes. London Road meets Meriton Road

there. It's a good place. We must buy that ground. Who owns it? Do you know?"

"I don't know," said the small man, "but we can find the owner without much trouble. But if he doesn't want to sell . . ."

"Oh," said the fat man, "he'll sell it if we pay well."

"We mustn't tell him about the hotel. He'll want more money if we say anything about it."



"We're not going to tell him that. But it's a very good place for a hotel. Why hasn't anyone built a hotel there before? I can't understand it. We'll make a lot of money when we've built it. When shall we start?"

"We'll buy the ground at the end of next month, and we can begin to build then."

"How much are we going to pay for the ground?" the fat man asked. "What do you think?"

"It doesn't matter much. Five or six hundred. What do you say?"

"Yes, we can pay six hundred if we must.

It's just the right place. We'll never find a better place."

"We'll meet next month," the small man said. "Until then, not a word to anyone!"

"Not a word to anyone!"

They finished their food, stood up and left. I put down my newspaper and began to think.

These two men were going to buy a piece of ground and build a hotel on it. No one else knew about it except me. "I can make some money with this," I thought as I ate my food.

I had some money in the bank. I could buy the ground first and then sell it to the two men. They were ready to pay six hundred pounds, and I was the only man who knew that. But I had to find the place. It was a town, and the name of the town ended with "-bridge". But there are a lot of names of places which end with "-bridge". How could I find the right place?

I must find a place with two roads: London Road and Meriton Road. London Road was not going to help me much: there are a lot of roads to London, and you can find a London Road in most places. But Meriton Road could help me more. It is not a name that you find very often. I have been to many towns in England, but at that time I did not know a road with that name in any of them. I asked some of my friends about it when I met them; but no one could help me. For a long time I was unable to find Meriton Road.

But about ten days after I began to look for it, I was again in a train. Some other people were sitting with me, and I saw a man's bag with his name on it. I could read the name from my place: "William Corder, 104 Meriton Road."

I was very pleased, but from my place I could not see the name of the town which was written under the name of the road. I jumped up and looked at the bag over the man's head. The name of the town was Newbridge. How glad I was! The name ended with "-bridge".

"What are you doing?" said the owner of the bag. He looked angry, and turned his head up to look at the bag.

"I'm sorry," I said. He was angry because I was looking at his bag like that. I had to think quickly. What could I say? Then I thought of a good answer. "Your bag's just like one of my bags," I said. "So I just wanted to see it better."

"I'm not a thief," he said angrily. "I haven't stolen your bag, sir. That's my bag." He was getting very angry. "Who are you?" he asked.

I did not tell him, but I got out of the train at the next station. He was still angry with me, but I did not care then. I waited at the station for the next train, and then I went home.

On the next day I went to Newbridge and I soon found Meriton Road. There were a lot of houses in it, but at the end of the road I found

a piece of ground without any building on it. Another road met Meriton Road at this place.

A man was cleaning the windows of one of the houses, and I called up to him. "Will you kindly tell me the name of this road?" I asked.

"London Road," he answered at once. "It takes you to London, but it's a long way from here."

I was very pleased. Here was Meriton Road and here was London Road. And here was the ground. I must buy the ground before anyone else bought it.

I went into a small shop and bought a newspaper.

"A nice day," I said to the fat woman who sold me the paper.

"Yes, sir. We don't get many days like this at this time of the year."

"Who owns that field next to your shop?" I asked. "Do you know?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "That's Mr. Corder's field. He wants to sell it, but no one wants to buy it. It's too big for one house, sir, and it's too small for two houses. You can see that."

Corder! Was he the man in the train? "Is he Mr. William Corder?" I asked.

"That's right, sir. Yes, Mr. William Corder. He wants three hundred pounds for the field."

I thanked her for the newspaper and left the shop. "If I can buy the field for three hundred pounds," I thought, "and if I can sell it for six hundred, I shall get three hundred for nothing!" But the owner was William Corder, and he did not like me.

I went to his house, 104 Meriton Road. I found him at home, but he was not at all pleased to see me.

"Now what do you want?" he said angrily. He remembered me very well.

"You have a piece of ground at the end of the road," I said. "Will you sell it?"

At first he did not want to sell it to me at all. We had a long talk, and some of the things which he said were not very nice. I bought the field at last, but I had to pay five hundred pounds for it.

I went back to see him some time later, put my name to some papers and paid him the money. When I walked out of his house for the last time, I was the owner of the ground near Meriton Road.

"And now," I thought, "I have nothing more to do. Those two men will look for the owner of the field next month, and they'll come to me, and I'll ask for six hundred pounds, and they'll

pay it. So I'll get one hundred pounds for nothing."

But the end of the next month came and went, and no one came to see me. I waited another month, and still nothing happened. No one came to buy the ground. No one wanted to build a hotel on it. I thought sadly of my five hundred pounds. But the two men wanted the place for their hotel. They said so. They could not find a better place.

Six months went by, and I heard nothing. Then one day my work took me to Carbridge. It was a town which I did not know at all, and I walked about and looked at the shops and the houses. Then I saw a name on one of the walls: Meriton Road!

I stopped and looked along the road, and began to walk to the other end. Some men were building on a piece of ground there.

"What's this going to be?" I asked. "What are you building here?"

"A hotel," said one of the men.

Another road ran into Meriton Road at this place. "Where does that road go to?" I asked.

"London," said the man. "That's the London Road."

THE MONEY IN THE FOREST

I

THERE was no one in the bank except Lander and Felton. These two men always worked alone in the afternoons, and not many people came to the bank at that time of the day. The bank was in Rillington, a small town in the country.

Lander looked out of the window. "It's hot to-day," he said. "Everyone's asleep. I'm sleepy myself."

Lander could see no one through the window in the quiet streets outside. He turned to his papers again, but he often thought of his two little sons; for he was happily married.

On that same afternoon, not very far away from Rillington, a blue car left Burton, a town which stood near a forest. There were three men in the car, and they had with them a spade, a wooden box, and a cloth bag.

The car stopped on the forest road near a river.

"This is the place," said Ellis. He was the biggest of the three men. "We can remember this place because the river's near the road here. Come on! There's no one here."

They carried the spade and the box into the forest and hid them under the trees. Then they got back into the car.

"Don't go into Rillington, Crane," Ellis said. "The police know this car."

Crane stopped the car before they came to Rillington, and the three men got out and left it at the side of the road.

"Have you got the cloth bag, Moor?" said Ellis.

"Yes," said Moor.

"Hide it under your coat. Don't let anyone see it."

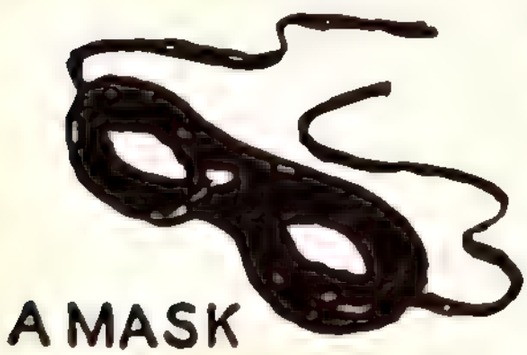
They walked along the road and came to another car which was standing near a house. It was not their car, but they got in and started it. No one saw them when they stole it, and they were soon far away from the house.

Crane stopped the car near some trees not far from the bank. Ellis and Moor got out, but Crane stayed in the car.

A SPADE

"Be ready to go at once, Crane," said Ellis. "Come on Moor, and bring that bag."

There was no one in the sleepy street. Ellis and Moor went into the bank, but as soon as they were inside the door, they put masks over their faces and took out their guns. Lander and Felton



A MASK

looked up from their work when the two men came in.

" Put your hands up! " said Ellis. " Put them up! Don't speak. If you make a sound, we'll shoot."

Lander and Felton could do nothing, and they put up their hands. Ellis saw a door at the back of the bank.

" Go into that room," he said.

Lander and Felton walked angrily into the room, and Ellis shut the door. The two men inside at once tried to open it, but they were unable to do so. They began to hit it.

" Stop that noise! " cried Ellis. " Do you want to be shot? "

The noise stopped. Moor opened the bag, and he and Ellis began to fill it with money. They stole only one-pound notes, because larger notes can be found by the police. When the bag was full the two men left the bank. At the door they took the masks off their faces and put their guns away. When they walked out of the door, they saw two women in the street; but the women were talking and did not turn their heads. Ellis and Moor got into the car and Crane started it at once.

The car ran quickly through the streets of the town and came to the open country. When they were in the forest again, they stopped the car by the river.

Ellis looked through the back window, but he could see no other cars on the road.

" Get out, Moor," he said.

Moor got out. He took the bag of money with him and walked into the forest. The car started again and took Ellis and Crane away.

With the spade Moor made a big hole in the ground under a tree. He put the bag of money into the box, and then he put the box into the hole. He stopped his work two or three times to look through the trees, but he saw no one.

He filled the hole again and covered the box. Then he cut three lines on the side of the tree near the box to show the place, because there were hundreds of trees. After that he hit the ground with the spade to make it hard.

He carried the spade to the river and put it into the water. Then he walked to a station, got on a train, and was soon back at the house at Burton. He waited there for the others.

Ellis and Crane took the car away from the forest and stopped it near some fields. Only a horse saw them when they got out.

Ellis walked away over the fields to the house at Burton, but Crane went along the road. He had a long walk, but at last he came to their own blue car. It was still standing on the road outside Rillington. He went home to Burton in it, and he met Ellis and Moor at the house.

Then Moor went back to the forest in the car and hid one more thing near the box in the ground. No one saw him.

2

In the small room at the back of the bank Lander and Felton waited; then they heard the sound of a car which was going away.

"They've gone," Lander said.

The two men broke the door to pieces with a chair and got out of the room. Lander ran to the telephone and was soon speaking to the police. He told them about the thieves.

Some time later Policeman Timmer and some other men from the police-station walked into the bank and began to ask questions.

"Will you know those two men again if you see them, sir?" said one.

"No," Lander answered. "Their faces were covered with masks. But one was a big man."

"What kind of car was it?"

"I don't know," said Lander. "We didn't see it. It wasn't standing outside the windows of the bank."

The man put away his note-book. "We'll try to find the money," he said, "but you haven't been able to help us much."

The police stopped hundreds of cars on the roads that day and looked in them all for a bag of money. They found no money, but they found a car which was standing near some fields, and they brought it back to Rillington police-station. There was no money in it, but on the floor the police found a little wooden horse. It was cut beautifully out of a piece of wood.

" It's not my horse," said the owner of the car when the police showed it to him.

" The man who lost this," said Timmer when he saw it, " is the man who stole the car. But why did he steal a car and then leave it far away in the country? Is this the car which took those thieves to the bank? "

As he turned the little horse over in his hands, he tried to remember the names of any men who lived near Rillington and sometimes stole things.

" Ellis! " he thought. " That man's very good with his hands, and he often makes wooden things like this. I'll go to see Ellis to-morrow and ask him one or two questions. But he owns a car himself."

It was late when Moor came back from the forest to the house at Burton that night.

" I've hidden that other thing near the box in the forest," he said.

The three men laughed. " We may want it again," said Ellis.

" The marks on the tree will show us the place," said Moor.

" The police are looking for that money now," Ellis said, " but if they come here, they'll find nothing. We'll wait until they're tired, and then we can go and get the money. There will be a lot for each of us."

He got some glasses and the men sat down to drink and talk about the money. They were all well pleased with the day's work.

In another house that night Lander was telling his wife about the thieves who went to the bank. "I'm glad to be alive," he said. "They had guns and they were ready to kill us. They took a lot of money and we'll have some trouble about it at the bank."

"You couldn't do anything," said his wife. She touched his arm and looked into his eyes. "What could you do? You must leave everything to the police; they'll find the money again. Go to bed and get a good night's sleep. Tomorrow we'll go into the country if it's a nice day."

The banks did not open in the afternoon on the next day, and Lander had no work. He took his wife and sons into the country. They took some food with them and went along the forest road in their car. They carried the food into the forest and sat down under the trees.

The boys left their father and mother and began to run about. They looked up at the birds, and then one of them saw the three lines which Moor cut on the side of a tree. He showed them to his brother.

"I can cut lines like those," said his brother. "Look!"

He cut three lines on another tree. The two boys laughed and were soon happily cutting

three lines on one tree after another. But when it began to rain, their father and mother took them home.

4

On the same day Policeman Timmer stopped a car outside a house in Burton. He got out and walked to the door, which was opened by Ellis.

" Good morning, Ellis," said Timmer. " How are you and how are your two friends? "

" Have you come here just to ask that? " said Ellis.

" No. May I come in? "

Ellis took him into the house. " What do you want? " he asked.

" Will you let me look in all your rooms? " said Timmer.

" Why? "

" I'm looking for a lot of money in a bag."

" What money? " said Ellis.

" Some money was stolen from a bank yesterday. Have you heard about it? "

"Oh, yes," said Ellis. "We read about that in the newspapers this morning. But why have you come here to look for it?"

"The police are looking in a lot of places, and you always help the police when you can, don't you, Ellis? Have you seen this before?"

Timmer showed him the little wooden horse and looked at his face. But the look in the man's eyes told Timmer nothing.

"No," said Ellis. "I've never seen that. Where did you find it?"

"In a car, Ellis. The car was stolen yesterday. You can cut things out of wood very well, can't you?"

"I didn't cut that horse out of wood," said Ellis.

"I'll just look in all your rooms, now," said Timmer. "May I do that?"

Ellis gladly took Timmer to every part of the house, but Timmer found no money and no bag. He came back to the sitting-room with Ellis.

"Where were you all yesterday afternoon?" Timmer asked.

"Here," said Ellis.

"What were you doing here?"

"My two friends," said Ellis, "were talking and drinking. I was reading the newspapers."

"Did anyone see you here?" asked Timmer.

"I don't know," said Ellis. "How can I tell you the answer to that? No one came to the house, but I was sitting by the front window here

when I was reading, and anyone on the road could see me through the window. Find someone who walked along the road outside. Ask old Mrs. Grundy. She lives in the next house. She often walks along that road out there and she often looks at our windows."

"What do you know about the car which was stolen?" said Timmer.

"The car? Nothing. We have a car ourselves. We don't steal cars. We're good men. We never steal things."

Timmer went to the door. "You three men are friends," he said, "and there were three men in the car near the bank."

"How do you know that?" Ellis said.

"Two men went into the bank, and one of them was big like you, Ellis. When thieves go into a bank, another man always waits in the car outside. Two in the bank and one in the car. Two and one make three, Ellis."

Ellis looked at Crane and laughed. "What good policemen we have!" he said.

Ellis stood at the door when Timmer went out, and then he went back into the room.

"We were nearly caught," said Crane. He spoke angrily and quietly. "That wooden horse! Why do you carry those things about with you? Leave them at home."

"Quiet!" said Ellis. He was looking through the window. Timmer was going to Mrs. Grundy's house.

5

"Good morning, Mrs. Grundy," said Timmer. "I want to ask you a question."

"What question?" she said.

"Did you see Mr. Ellis yesterday, Mrs. Grundy?"

"Mr. Ellis? What has he done? Do the police want him?"

"Did you see him, Mrs. Grundy?" Timmer asked again.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"I saw him through the window of his house," she said. "I was on the road outside, and there he was. He was reading a newspaper."

"At what time of the day did you see him?"

"In the afternoon," she said.

"What could you see through the window?"

"I saw his head. He was sitting in his big chair by the window. I could see his head over the top of the chair and he had a newspaper in front of him."

"Was he there all the afternoon?"

"I went for a walk with Mrs. Crossley. We saw him when we set out, and he was still there

when we came back an hour later. Then I had to go out again to a shop to buy some bread, and he was still there. He was still reading the newspaper too. He read it for hours."

"Did you see his two friends?" Timmer asked.

"No."

"Thank you," said Timmer. "Where can I find Mrs. Crossley?"

"She lives in the next house on the other side," said Mrs. Grundy.

Timmer went to see Mrs. Crossley, and she said just the same thing. He went back to the car and got in.

"So Ellis was here all the afternoon," he thought, "and a man can't be in two places at the same time. So he wasn't at the bank at all. The other two men never work without Ellis, and so they're not the thieves. But if they didn't go to the bank, then who did?"

6

Ten days later the three thieves were talking in their house.

"Moor can go and get the money out of the forest to-night," said Ellis quietly. "The police will not come here again. We don't want anyone to see three men in the forest; Moor knows the place and he must go alone."

That night Moor took a lamp and went to the forest in the blue car. He stopped the car not

far from the river; but he left the car without lights at the side of the road so that no one could see it. He found the spade and went to look for the box. He saw a tree with three lines on it and started work. But after he made the hole, he could not find the box. He made the hole bigger, but there was no box at all. He was very angry.

" Someone has taken it," he thought. He was afraid when he thought of his two friends, who were waiting for him in the house. He filled the hole again and started to walk back to the car. But then he saw another tree with lines on it. He stopped to look.

"What's this? " he said to himself. He turned the lamp and looked at the three lines on the side of the tree; they were just like the lines which he made.

He could not understand it. He put the lamp down and made a hole under the tree to look for the box. But he found no box. He did not stop before the hole was very big.

"The box isn't here," he thought angrily as he looked into the hole. He filled the hole and walked through the forest to look at some of the other trees. He found a lot of trees with three lines on them and he looked at them with angry eyes.

"Who has done this?" he thought. "I can't make holes everywhere. I can't work all night."

When he started to make another hole, he heard the sound of men's feet and hid himself. He was afraid because he could not understand all the lines on the trees.

But the sound of feet went away through the forest, and Moor carried the spade to the car. He was very tired when he got in and went back to the house.

" I can't find the money," he said at the house. " Someone has cut lines on a lot of trees, and I don't know the right place."

The others looked at him with angry faces.

" You've been there a very long time," said Ellis.

" Yes. I was looking for the box."

" Do you believe him, Crane? " said Ellis.

" No."

" We don't believe you, Moor," Ellis said very quietly.

" Why? " said Moor.

" You found the money," said Ellis, " and you hid it in another place. You want all the money for yourself."

" No! " cried Moor. He looked from one angry face to the other. " You must believe me! I can't find the box."

" You've moved it," said Ellis.

" I haven't moved it. I can't find it. Go and look yourself. I'm your friend, Ellis. We're all friends here, aren't we? "

Crane looked at Ellis. " What are we going to do now? " he asked.

" We must go to the forest ourselves," said Ellis. " I want to see all those marks on the trees that Moor saw."

" That's right," said Moor. " You'll see them and then you'll believe me."

" You must come with us, Moor," said Ellis, " and show us the marks. If we don't find

any marks, you'll be a very unhappy man."

"But," said Crane, "if anyone sees three men in the forest, he'll remember us later, and he may tell the police. Everyone's looking for three men."

"We must all go," said Ellis. "What else can we do? But if we hear anything, we'll hide."

They all went to the forest in the car. Once again the car was left at the side of the road without lights, and in the forest Moor showed them the trees with three lines on them. Ellis walked about and turned the lamp on one tree after another. Then he stopped.

"Did you make all these marks yourself, Moor?"

"No, no. I only made marks on one tree."

"How do we know that? How can we believe you?"

"I didn't make them all," cried Moor.

"So someone else made them," said Ellis. "Who? And why?"

"How do I know?" said Moor.

Three angry men made a hole under a tree, but they found no box. They began to fill the hole again because they did not want anyone to see it.

"The sun will be up soon," said Ellis. "We must go home now, but we'll come back to-morrow night."

Crane looked at the three lines on the tree near the hole which they were filling. He cut another

line under the others, so that there were four lines on the tree.

" Now we shall not make a hole here again," he said. " When we make a hole under a tree, we must always cut another line so that we don't do it again."

They worked in the forest all the next night. It was hard work and they found nothing. When they walked back to the car, a lot of the

trees had four marks on them, but there were still some trees with only three.

" We'll come back to-morrow," said Ellis. " There aren't many more places. But if we don't find the money to-morrow or the next night, I'm sorry for Moor."

Three very tired men went home. Two of them slept all day, but Moor did not sleep very well.

7

On the next day Policeman Timmer was still trying to find the money. He was working with the police of other towns. They knew the names of all the men who sometimes stole things, and Timmer went to see them all. But he found nothing that could give him any help.

"Ellis and his two friends must be the thieves," said Timmer at one of the police-stations. "All these other men were in other places on that afternoon; they weren't in Rillington at all. Mrs. Grundy and Mrs. Crossley can't be right. They didn't see Ellis in his house on that day; he was at the bank."

It was now late at night and Timmer was tired. He went in the police car to Mrs. Grundy's house. He could see no lights in the windows, but he went to the front door.

"Who's that?" called Mrs. Grundy from a room over Timmer's head. "I'm in bed. Go away."

"This is Timmer," he called. "I want to ask you some more questions, please, Mrs. Grundy."

A bedroom window opened and an angry face came out of it.

"What do you want?" she said. "Do you know the time? All good people are asleep in bed. Come and ask your questions to-morrow."

"Please come down to the door," said Timmer.

Some time later an angry old woman stood at the front door. "What is it?" she said. "Be quick. I'm not going to stand here all night."

"It's about Mr. Ellis," he said. "When did you see him through the window?"

"On the day before you asked me."

"In the morning?"

"No. In the afternoon."

"I can't believe it," Timmer said. "He wasn't at home then."

"But I saw him at home. I saw his head and he was reading a newspaper. I told you all this before."

"Did he look at one newspaper all the time?"

"How do I know?" she said.

"Did he move the paper?"

"No, he didn't move at all when I saw him. Now I'm going to bed. Good night!" The door shut noisily, and Timmer walked away.

"He didn't move at all," thought Timmer. He went to Mrs. Crossley's house to ask some questions, but she was asleep and he could not ask any.

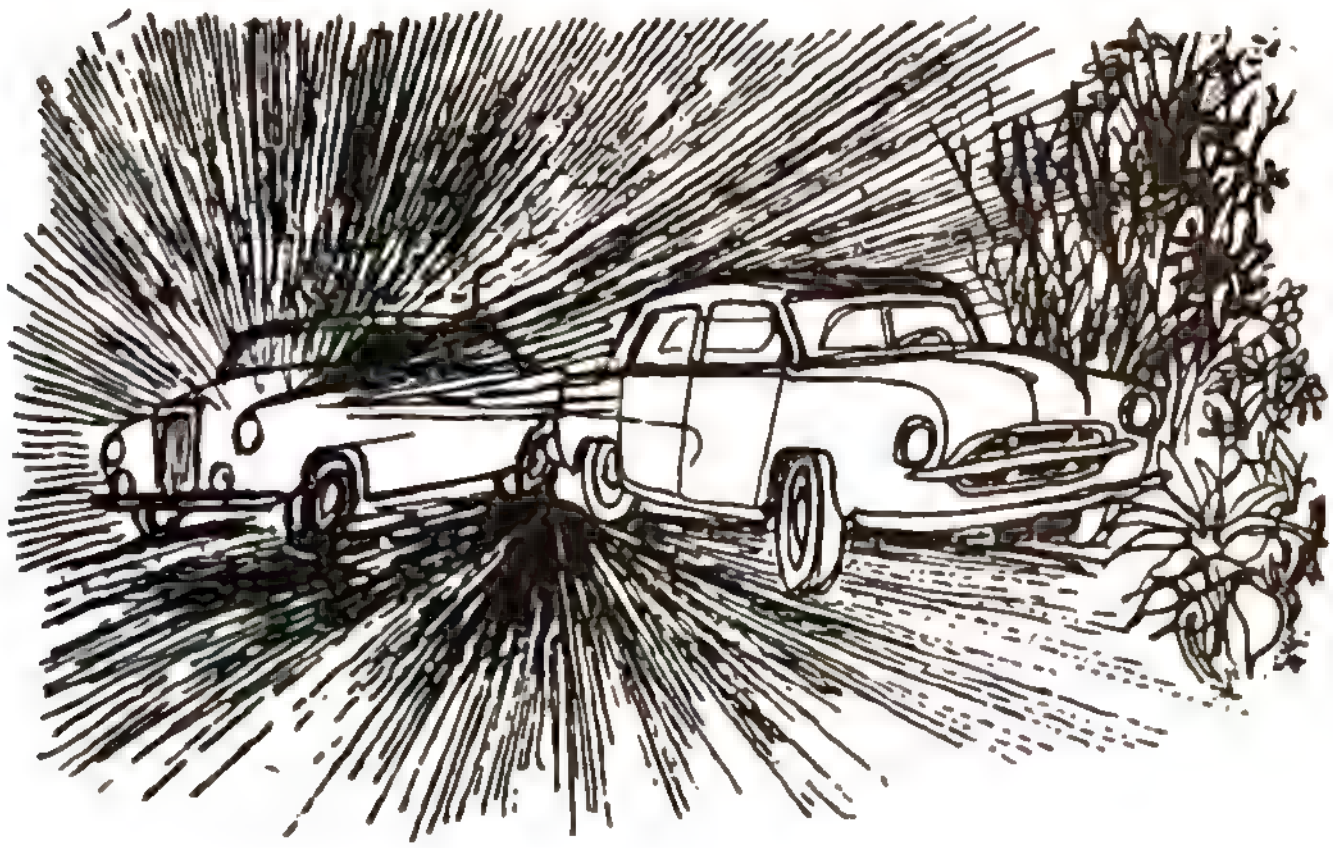
Timmer went back to the car. He was very tired, and even policeman must sleep sometimes. He was going home to bed.

His way was along the forest road, but he did not go very fast because he was tired. This was a good thing because, at one place near a river, he nearly ran into another car which was standing at the side of the road. He did not see it until

he was very near it, but he turned quickly away, and the front of his car did not touch it.

" Who left that car there? " he thought angrily.

Timmer did not stop because he wanted to go to bed as soon as he could. But then he began to think about the car again.



" Another car may run into that," he thought.

Timmer was a good policeman. He stopped his car, turned it, and went back to the car near the river. There was no one in it, but he heard a sound in the forest. He went into the forest to find the owner of the car. He saw a light through the trees.

" What's happening here? " he said quietly to himself.

He stopped to look. Two men were making

a hole in the ground, and another man had a lamp in his hands. When the lamp moved, Timmer saw the faces of Ellis, Crane and Moor. They all looked very hot.

Timmer walked into the light of the lamp. "You look tired, Ellis," he said. "What are you all doing here?" He looked into the hole, but there was nothing in it. He saw some other holes not far away.

The spade fell on the ground and no one said anything.

"What are you doing?" Timmer asked again.

"Can't you see?" said Ellis angrily. "We're making holes."

"Why?"

No one was able to think of a good answer to this question, but Crane said, "We can make holes here if we like. We're not breaking the law."

"Just come with me to the police-station," said Timmer. "All of you."

"Why?" said Crane. "What have we done?"

"You left a car on a road at night without lights, and you know the law about that very well. Come along."

8

After the three men left the police-station, Timmer at last went home to bed. There was one thing which he could not understand. If thieves make one hole in a forest, they are looking for something which they have hidden. But there were about ten holes there. Why? When Timmer fell asleep, this question was not answered.

On the next day Timmer went to the forest again and looked at the holes; but he found nothing. He saw some lines on some of the trees, but he could not understand them.

That night he took two other policemen with him and they went to the forest once more. They left their car a long way from the river and then walked to the holes and hid themselves in the forest near them.

No one came to the holes; no car stopped by the river. Nothing happened for some hours.

Timmer was beginning to think of his bed when he heard the sound of feet. Three men came quietly through the trees with a spade and began to make another hole. Sometimes Moor

turned the lamp to look through the trees, but the policemen never showed themselves.

" They, too, left their car far away," Timmer thought, and waited.

The thieves made two more holes in the ground, and they talked quietly and angrily all the time. They started to make the next hole and then one of them gave a cry.

" Here it is! " cried Moor.

" Quiet! " said Ellis angrily.

Timmer and his friends went a little nearer to see better, but they moved very quietly. Ellis was pulling a box out of the hole, and Crane was helping him. They got it out and looked inside.

" The money's still there," said Crane.

" That's a good thing for Moor," said Ellis. " Where's the head? "

Crane pulled something else out of the hole, and Timmer saw something like a big piece of dirty wood in Crane's hands. The three policemen walked out of the trees, and the wooden thing fell on the ground.

" Thank you, Ellis," said Timmer. " I've tried to find the money for a long time. It's in the box, isn't it? "

The three thieves tried to run away, but the policemen were ready and caught them without any trouble. They brought the thieves back to the hole, and Timmer turned the wooden thing over with his foot. It was a wooden head. In

the light of the lamp a face like the face of Ellis looked up at Timmer from the ground. The policeman laughed.

" Mrs. Grundy saw this wooden head through the window, didn't she, Ellis? You're good with your hands. You can make little wooden horses and big wooden heads. You sat in front of a looking-glass when you made this, didn't you? "

Ellis did not speak.

" Then," said Timmer, " you put it at the top of your big chair with a newspaper in front of it. Then you went to the bank. Am I right? "

Ellis gave no answer.

" Why didn't you burn it, Ellis? Why did you keep it? Did you want to do the same thing again? Come on, all of you. We'll now go to Rillington police-station."

PLEASANT BOOKS IN EASY ENGLISH

Stage One

STORIES OF TODAY
OLD GOLD AND OTHER STORIES
PLAYS AND STORIES

Stage Two

ELEVEN SHORT STORIES
THE HAND OF THE LAW
MORE PLAYS AND STORIES

Stage Three

A LITTLE WORK, A LITTLE PLAY
WHO DID IT FIRST?

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